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## NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

THE celebrated James Barry was of opinion—at least he has expressed himself to such effect in one of his letters—that there was but one thing wanting to render us the most glorious nation on the face of the earth. England, he thought, ought to repose contentedly in the plenitude of the greatness and prosperity which it had achieved for itself, and direct its attention to the only object now remaining for its ambition. And what was that extraordinary desideratum? The discovery of the longitude, or of the North-West passage? Or was it the paying off of the national debt, or parliamentary reform? No; nor will any guesses in that direction, be they as multifarious as they may, hit, or even come near the mark. Nothing could be more remote from Barry's ideas than discoveries or schemes similar to those alluded to. What appeared to him as the one thing wanting to crown our national glory, was nothing more than the general adoption among us of the tasteful mode of decorating vaults and ceilings employed by the ancients!

This is, perhaps, rather an ultra specimen of the prejudice in favour of one's own pursuits, as might be expected from the eccentric character of Barry; but, allowing for the exaggeration, it is tolerably characteristic. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to attend some general lecture on the fine arts. It may have previously entered into your weak head that the progress of literature and science, the invention of the printing-press, and a few other phenomena of that kind, had been amongst the things chiefly instrumental in promoting modern civilisation. You may have heard that the steam-engine and spinning-jenny fought the last war for us; and it may have appeared to you that railways and the extension of steam navigation have been amongst the greatest triumphs of the last twenty years. But it now appears that you have been entirely mistaken. The sun of modern civilisation has been—Art. Art is the great intellectual luminary of the earth. Only fill a few long rooms with pictures, and get mankind to pass through them, and the business is done: human beings approximate to the divine immediately. What thing, then, is so deserving of public encouragement as art? Or, rather, what thing *besides* art is worthy of encouragement? To judge from many of the after-dinner orations of this profession, the true estimate of a government is not to be formed with a regard to either the vigour of its foreign policy or the impartiality of its home administration, neither to its warlike or peaceful character, nor to the anxiety which it displays for the support of all good institutions and the reform of all bad ones: no; all depends on the sum which it spends per annum on national galleries and academies. Even private individuals are to be judged of only with a regard to their liberality in the purchase of pictures. Of course there is a basis of sense and truth in all this. Art deserves both public and private encouragement for the good which it is calculated to do. But the joke lies in the exclusive appreciation given to it by some of its professors—as if the *summum bonum* lay in canvass and marble.

To a member of the ordinary world, it is sometimes extremely startling to get into company for the first time with an enthusiastic member of one of the artistic professions. When it first was our fate to become acquainted with an architect, we were in the condition of a sheet of white paper with regard to architecture, although at that time by no means, to speak modestly, deficient in general information. We had never before dreamt of architecture being a thing of very particular consequence. We knew it to be one of the ornamental arts, but no more. What was our astonishment to discover, as by a flash of supernatural light, that there was nothing in the world more important than architecture. Peristyles and pediments were all in all. The last and highest effort of human genius was an elegant building; and elegant buildings were fit to regenerate the world, if they only could be planted thick enough. And really it was wonderful what a plausible argument to this effect our friend deduced from history. Who could tell, he said, what were the moral effects of the temples of ancient Greece? What impressions might be made upon the Egyptians by their obelisks and pyramids, reared as for eternity? Then, look to the Christian architecture of the middle ages, when nothing else was fine. Those grand cathedrals could not but operate powerfully in awing the feelings and subliming the thoughts of the half-barbarous worshippers amidst whom they were placed. And let any one, he said, who doubts the moral power of fine buildings, spend a couple of days in Oxford, going about amongst the magnificent old colleges, visiting the Radcliffe library, the theatre, and other public structures. Altogether, he made it appear that architecture was the true thing to employ for the improvement of the people, and to complete the national glory. It was not for some little time that we fully recovered from the idea with which we had been inoculated, that there was *nothing like architecture*.

This disposition to exaggerate the importance of one's own profession, seems to be strong in proportion to the narrowness of the field, or the narrowness of the view taken of it by the rest of the world. The lawyers and mediciners, whose names are legion, look at their callings in a steady light. Grocers and drapers regard the shop in a just and correct point of view, and speak no nonsense about it. But who ever knew a herald who did not consider his science as something considerably above the level of common mundane affairs, and who did not seriously lament that mankind should generally be so ignorant of that very knowledge, in the exclusive possession of which he at the same time prided himself! What a dash of the extravagant there almost always is about the perruquier and his establishment! Half of his wares bear names ravished from the language of poetry; his pomatum is divine; everything is genuine, or incomparable, or super-essential. Perhaps a poor arctic animal is kept in the cellar, to bear testimony, by its growling, to the character of his grease. Wigs are matter of jest to the rest of the human race; but to the artist himself, they are the most serious things in the world. Laws, dispensed without the aid of wigs, would have no respect from him. One half of the glory of a young lady's conquests at balls and parties he considers as due to himself, as having had so great a hand in furnishing forth her magazine of charms. Enter as a stranger into conversation with him, and perhaps you find him cautious in putting forth pretensions, for he has experienced so much snubbing from the world, that he almost despairs of having justice done to his art; but only humour him a little, and in a short time his enthusiasm begins to peep out, and by and by you find him to be convinced in his heart that there is no art in the world one-half so noble or important as his. Now, here too, the fact is, that the public are a little unjust, for everything that is useful is respectable, and a great deal of ingenuity, and even of good sense, may be shown in the dressing of natural, and the preparation of artificial hair. The jest lies entirely in the intensely exclusive spirit of the artist—in short, the leather prejudice. So it is, likewise, with the useful class of men who teach dancing. This is an accomplishment of real consequence, since it not only enables young persons to enjoy a pleasing and graceful amusement, but trains them to elegant movement generally. There are even some relations in dancing to physiological science, which might repay the attention of the highest class of minds, if they would be at the trouble to give it a little study. But while dancing is thus perhaps held a little less important than it really is, who can refrain from smiling at the grave light in which it is regarded generally by its own professors? "What are Latin and Greek to dancing?" said a country practitioner, when informed that one of his pupils had withdrawn because all his time was occupied at school. The same man, on being told that the Earl of Elgin had been appointed ambassador to Turkey, exclaimed, "Ah, well, I'm not surprised at that; *he was one of my very best pupils*." The Alexander-like ambition of the French maitre de ballet, who styled himself *Dieu de la Danse*, is but a type of the feelings with which the humblest of rural teachers regard their profession. Talk of perfect love—there is no love so perfect as that which Monsieur Chassee bears for his art. Music is only an adjunct to it—necessary, but subordinate. The rest of education is only an introduction to dancing. Now, here the ludicrous lies, not in the profession itself, which is useful, and therefore respectable, but in the extravagant claims made for it, and the exclusive spirit in which it is regarded, by its professors.

The nothing-like-leather principle is nowhere more conspicuous than amongst those who would doctor the state. Great Britain, which raises nearly fifty millions of taxes, and has nearly doubled its population since the beginning of this century, is somehow always in a perishing condition.* Inquire of the different ends of her society what is the matter, and you will hear various accounts of the case. The prescriptions are as various. Every one comes up, like Le Fevre's village doctor, with "his little pill," which he is sure will be effectual. Need we describe all these little pills? No, not even our own, for we of course have our pill as well as everybody else. But the amusing thing is the exclusive confidence which every one puts in his own pill, as if nobody else's pill possessed the least merit. And each pill has, as it were, its day, during which it is regarded by a considerable portion of the public as the pill which ought to be applied. The fact is, it is a great matter, even for the patient herself, to have a pill of some promise held up before her. Just be quiet, will you—don't you see we are getting up an agricultural chemist at three hundred a-year, to analyse all your soils, and put everything to rights? Hearing this, the patient turns on the less painful side, and in the hope of so powerful a remedy being soon applied, is for the time a little easier. The intellects of the wise are certainly presented in a curious point of view, when we consider how impossible it appears to be for them to agree about the actual character of national ailments, much less about the kind of medicine which ought to be exhibited. A single human being cannot go out of order in the smallest degree, but human skill can be instantly and correctly employed to redress the evil. But when a large community is diseased, human science seems completely baffled, and nothing on earth looks more helpless. There lies the patient, burning in fever, or exhausted in decline, while hundreds are flying about, each with an infallible nostrum, which he would apply if the others would allow him, and from which the

* This is said with regard to circumstances spread over a great number of years. We acknowledge the embarrassments of the present time, and deplore them, we hope, with the feelings which become a lover of his country.

patient is only saved by the mutual contention about the various prescriptions—truly a case for the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, which, after all, generally proves remedial, though often not without a tremendous shock being meanwhile suffered by the constitution.

It must have been generally observed, that there is a class of minds particularly given to the nothing-like-leather principle in speculative matters, and continually under the influence of some dogma or other, which for the time they believe calculated to be of vast service to mankind. This is an ardent and enthusiastic class of minds, not without their use in the general economy, seeing that they set men thinking, and sometimes manage to get right and proper ends effected, which more cool and considerate persons would be contented to leave unaccomplished. Yet it is amusing to remark their thorough absorption for the time in each notion they may take up, however unimportant it may appear to the public generally, and even though it may be in some measure inconsistent with those which formerly possessed them. With some, the new idea is generally the last theme of study with which they were occupied. One time, it is chemistry; another time, political economy. While the chemistry enthusiasm lasts, mankind are to be regenerated by a retort and a spirit lamp. When the political economy fit comes, there is nothing wanting to make the human race perfect but a knowledge of the laws of the production and distribution of wealth.

> Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
> With something new to wish or to enjoy!

And regularly, of course, as one notion supervenes upon another, the whole paraphernalia connected with the last are thrown aside and no more regarded. There is something amiable in this kind of character, from its very simplicity; but it is well, nevertheless, for mankind, that things are not entirely at the ready disposal of these enthusiasts, or leather itself, we fear, would soon be a scarce article, and the body politic might be seen walking some fine day barefooted.

It is easy, of course, to trace the nothing-like-leather principle to its root in the self-love of man. The fable from which the phrase has originated, describes the more sordid manifestations of the principle; those which regard pecuniary interests. These we have deemed unworthy of particular notice. But those prejudices, or call them what you will, which have here been specified, are not less the emanations of *amour propre*. We enhance our profession and our reigning dogma because they are *ours*, and because, in the exaltation of what is ours, we exalt *ourselves*. Here is the whole mystery of "Nothing like leather" at once laid open.

## EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN COMMISSION.

### PAPER-MAKING.

The sanitary condition of children employed in paper-mills appears, from the report before us, to present infant labour in a not unfavourable aspect. Paper-mills being mostly turned by water-power, are usually placed on the banks of streams, in sheltered and healthy spots. In England, they are chiefly situated on the rivers of Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Hertfordshire; in Scotland, on the banks of the Esk: and those rivers, in short, nearest to the great paper marts, London and Edinburgh. The children, therefore, are not confined to close neighbourhoods, nor pent up in unhealthy atmospheres; for, independent of the advantage of locality, the manufacture itself demands good ventilation.

The first process of paper-making is, however, an exception to the general healthiness of the employment. "Rag cutting," says Major Burns, the sub-commissioner, in his report of the Kent, Bucks, and Herts districts, "is, of all the work in paper-mills, by far the most unpleasant. The soils or rooms where picking, parting, and glazing paper are carried on, are invariably clean and large, with ample ventilation. The rag-houses differ very much, many of them being lofty, large, and, where the finer sorts of paper are made, very clean, as the rags used are much less foul; others low and narrow; but all have air, either by opening the windows, or, as in some few this is not the case, the doors at either end being open produces a thorough current: still in some, where the rags are very dirty and foul, a hurricane blowing through them would fail in clearing the abominably dense atmosphere of heavy dust." The general condition of the children employed in this department, may be gleaned from the following evidence:—Eliza Mills, aged 15, of Messrs Tassel's mill, East Malling, Kent, says she "can read a little. Can't write. Don't attend school now; did once. Work at cutting rags; stand at work. Come to work at 8, and leave off at 6 at night. Standing all day makes our legs ache. Sometimes have a headache very bad from the dust of the rags. Been here going on for a twelvemonth. Breakfast before I come to work; allowed one hour at dinner; eat it, and bring it here myself. My mother works at this mill. Plenty of food, and good. Paid by piece; sometimes earns 3s., and sometimes 4s. a-week. Well treated, and like my place." Eliza Hervey, 16 years old, of the same mill, complains that "when we have hard work, makes my legs and arms ache. The dust sometimes hurts me on my chest, but not always." Maria Piper, aged 14, of Lower Tovil mill, near Maidstone, Kent (Messrs Smith and Allnutt's), declares, on the contrary, that "except the rags are very dirty, we don't feel it; but if very dirty, as London rags, gives a headache. Don't find the dust annoying particular. In summer, the heat makes our legs ache. Breakfast before we come to the mill; allowed one hour for dinner at 12; some of them goes home, and some has their dinner brought. I have my dinner brought. Stoves for cooking if we please. We are well treated. Hired by Mr Peters, the foreman. Paid according to the quantity of rags we cut; they are weighed every Friday; earn 7s. 9d. a-week. Mr Peters pays us. Have had good health for the last twelvemonth; used to have headache before that, but don't think it was the work." The evidence taken by sub-commissioner Franks in Scotland does not give so favourable a picture of the effects of rag-cutting upon the health; and Dr Reid, a medical gentleman, states that rag-picking often gives *rise* to phthisis.

Boys as well as girls are employed in the rag-houses. After the rags have been bleached and purified, they are ground into pulp by machines, which are kept constantly going. Adults chiefly attend to them, but occasionally lads, who work every alternate twenty-four hours. Thomas Grigsby, aged 17, states he had "been two years, next month, in mills. Employed attending the rag-engine. Can read and write. Three days in the week stop at the work twenty-four hours, though not fully employed all that time; sometimes get three or four hours' sleep in the place where we have our meals. The days of work each week are altered—one week work Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; next Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; not compelled to work during the intervening days, but may if we wish, for which we are paid extra. Don't feel tired, being used to it. The work is not hard, but very easy—putting rags into the engines, when they are torn to pieces. Have meals at 8, 12, and 6; half-an-hour for dinner; breakfast we take at home, before coming to work one day, and on going from work the next; tea at 6; generally about an hour allowed. Have plenty to eat, and good. Have good health in general; now and then catch cold, but do not think it is from the work. Neither too hot nor too cold where we work." The operation of "picking out dirty pieces of blacks and thread from the pulp" must of necessity be carried on as long as the machine is in motion; and though not very hard labour, is fatiguing from the number of hours' work required from each person. William Bridgeland, aged nearly 12 years, of the Turkey mill (Messrs Hollingsworth), stated, on the 13th March 1841, as follows:—"Was at work all day yesterday, last night, and am to work to-day till about 6 in the evening. Have worked at this rate for about six weeks. Get about two hours' sleep in the night. Sometimes we have half an hour for breakfast, same for dinner, and same for supper; when we shut (stopping the water-wheel), we get an hour. The work ain't very hard, but standing on our legs makes them ache. About 8 or 9 o'clock feel sleepy, for that's my bed-hour. We wet our eyes with water when we feels sleepy; it ain't very often we do fall asleep; when we do, the engineer wakes us. Eyes don't ache from wetting them. Shall come back again to work on Monday morning at 7, and remain till Tuesday night. Sometimes we don't work on Saturday night; when we do, we don't work on Monday. Sometimes, it ain't very often, I have headache, but when I do, it's very bad. Don't think it is from the work; had the same before I came. Eat meals at mills, baked at home, and warmed here; have sometimes meat-pies, and patties; sometimes meat; plenty of it, and good. Generally, while the trade's got better, work two days and a night; less when trade is bad; the same as it was the latter end of last summer; we only worked every day then. Generally have good health; the work agrees with me. Employed in picking out dirty pieces of blacks and thread from the pulp; in winter the water is so cold it makes our fingers ache. Do not have chilblains; but my right hand (one used chiefly) swells, but does not pain; it keeps so always. (Hand shown is rather larger than the other, but not unhealthy)."

After the pulp is made fit for use, it becomes paper by passing over cylinders heated by steam. It is then cut by hand or machinery into sheets. Picking knots out of these sheets, glazing them by placing each between copper and zinc plates, putting them between rollers, and receiving them after passing through, and finally packing them, are neither very hard nor unhealthy employments.

Of their generally good physical condition, the evidence of Edward Kirby, foreman to the Turkey mill (a very large one), appears to be borne out by the observations made by the sub-commissioner in other places. The former states, upon the strength of forty-seven years' experience in the above mill, "From my own experience, I can vouch that the young people of both sexes are fully as healthy as the same class of people in agricultural or other employment." To this the sub-commissioner adds, "All the young people in paper-mills seem a very healthy race indeed, equally so with others of the same class of life working at other employments; they are not so bronsed, perhaps, as those in agricultural work, but in no other respects inferior in bodily condition. As my inquiries everywhere excited some alarm among the parents, who seemed afraid that I might be the means of putting a stop to children being employed, their testimony of its comparative healthiness may be questioned as to its impartiality; they one and all said paper-making was as healthy as any other labour. At the outset of my inquiry, and before any alarm was excited, I took the evidence of a very intelligent journeyman, who says—'I have two sons, one employed in the mills, the other in out-door employment, and I can see no difference in their state of health or constitution.' I did not see one instance of any peculiar disease or deformity. They all seem very well clad, though in Bucks and Herts there was a slight inferiority as to neatness in this respect. The medical men with whom I conversed seemed to think them as healthy as other classes; and, judging from their appearance and their own statements, they are as well fed."

Of the moral condition of these factory-children, Major Burns's account is not nearly so favourable. The only two mills to which he found any school attached were at the Nash mill (Mr Longman's) and River mill (Mr Phipps's). The rest of the children who came under his observation did not attend any industrial or other school on week days. Though many go to Sunday schools, they derive but little benefit from them.

"Many of the mill-owners seem anxious for the welfare and instruction of the young people and children, but are feebly backed by their parents, who are, in general, very indifferent on this point. A very intelligent man (J. Woodbridge, paper-maker) says—'I cannot answer for all the parents of young people attending to the care and education of them. Some, on their children of a Saturday bringing home their earnings, will make away with it; others, more provident, will look after their welfare, and are anxious about their education and bodily comforts.'"

Unhappily, the former class of parents greatly preponderate. From a written communication made to the sub-commissioner by Mr Alexander Dickson of Maidstone, it appears, that in "cases where the mother as well as the father works in the factory, they generally leave home about 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning; and if there happen to be one of the children old enough to take care of the others (and but a young age is deemed sufficient for this purpose in many cases, infants being left in the care of children of from 8 to 10 years of age, the parents not returning till 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening), the little creatures are thus left entirely to themselves, unheeded by their parents, who, tired and requiring rest, or in many cases bent upon their own selfish gratifications, no sooner reach home, than their luckless offspring are sent off to bed to be *out of the way*, to awaken the next morning, and get through the day as they may in running about the streets, and mixing with all the other victims of ignorance and vice with which the town abounds. As proof of the little attention that is paid to the children of this class, no fewer than three inquests were held in one week upon children, two of whom were burnt, and one drowned within the last six months. In cases where the oldest in the family is not deemed capable of taking care of the others, they are generally sent to a 'dame-school,' where they are perhaps kept from being burnt in the fire, or being run over in the streets, but where they cannot be said to learn anything beyond their alphabet, and, in many cases, not even that."

Out of the fifty-seven paper-mills visited by Major Burns, paper is made by machinery in thirty-eight, in the three counties embraced in his circuit of inquiry. These are, of course, the largest, and employ the greater number of hands; yet only seven cases of accident came to his knowledge; so that the machinery is not of a dangerous character. In the remaining mills, paper is made by hand.

## TUFT-HUNTING.

### A TALE.

Upon the edges, as it were, of those boundaries within which fashionable life in London confines itself, there are whole streets of houses occupied by persons in a transitory condition, who are doing all in their power to shake off their early but humble connexions, and endeavouring might and main to revolve in the higher circles of society. These streets have a peculiar aspect. They are seldom great thoroughfares; consequently, a person continually parading one of them is not likely to do so unnoticed by those who have time to watch him.

On a certain morning, therefore, at the commencement of the London season, a neatly-dressed and well-looking young man, who had been noticed in the street for the last hour, cost the green-grocer's wife and several of the servant-maids a great deal of conjecture. By dint of observation, they all ultimately concluded that his hopes and desires were centred in No. 31, for towards that house were his eyes most frequently cast. While thus engaged, an elderly gentleman appeared on the scene, and knocked at the door of the house to which his attention was directed. Now, it happened that, of all others in the world, this was the person our young friend was least desirous of being seen by, and he hastened to hide himself in a cross street, determined to emerge when the old gentleman should be out of sight. This was not long in happening, for the visitor gained admittance, and was ushered into the drawing-room by that peculiar lodging-house footman, whose dress is made up of the several ward-

robes of a groom, a scullion, and the waiter of an inn. The old gentleman was evidently expected by those he had called upon, namely, his late brother's widow, and her son and daughter.

The whole party were attired in close mourning. The mother wore widow's weeds; the daughter deep but plain black; the uncle loosely-fitting garments, beginning with large laced shoes and antique-looking gaiters, and ending with a broad-brimmed hat covered to the crown with crape, which, on seating himself, he placed on the carpet. His nephew, who carelessly lolled on a chair tickling his boot with a riding-whip, presented a strong contrast to the visitor. Though the colour of his clothes was black, their ultra-fashionable shape showed anything but mourning. He wore a jockey-like coat, fastened at the breast by a single glazed button, and cut away over the vest, to display a seal and key dangling at the end of a gold chain. His trousers were tightly strapped, for riding, to a pair of boots with very high heels and very long toes.

The preliminaries of the business which brought the party together were hardly over, before this young gentleman showed, by his gestures, that he was heartily tired of his company, and of the discussion in which they were engaged.

"Well, ma'am," exclaimed the uncle after a short parley, "if you insist, the stock must be sold, though consols *are* at a low figure. However, it will be your loss, and not mine."

"The loss," replied the widow, "will be trifling compared with the advantage. The season is fast advancing, yet we have no decent place in which to see our friends. Besides, as we have taken a house in Ebury Street, the sooner it is furnished the better, for these lodgings are a disgrace to us. I am sure when Charles's friend, the Honourable Thomas Turnover, called yesterday, I was ashamed to receive him in such a dingy drawing-room."

"And yet," added old Watts, looking round, "it is magnificent compared to the one-pair front you used to take such pride in, when poor brother Tom was alive. I'll tell you what, Mrs Ormston, you are going headlong to ruin, and dragging your children after you! Two thousand pounds to furnish a house! Do you happen to know what it will cost a-year to keep all that fine furniture in use? Why, ma'am, double your income."

"I beg your pardon," replied the lady; "our friend, Lord Skempton, lives in a much more dashing style than we intend to do—for he keeps six horses, and we intend having only three—and yet his expenses do not exceed fifteen hundred a-year. Now, you know, when all comes to all, we have a larger income than his at our command."

"Very true, Mrs Ormston; but you forget to put one item into the account, which is just this:—Lord Skempton has *always* had fifteen hundred a-year, and having been born and bred to a good fortune, was taught in early life how to manage it with advantage. You, on the contrary—who never knew what it was to spend more than sufficed for your family's decent maintenance, and who looked forward to your Sunday's dinner as the great event of the week—are perfectly ignorant of the best method of laying out your money."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Charles Ormston, who had by this time commenced cutting his name on a window pane with his diamond ring. "Nonsense, uncle; as if there was any art in spending money. I find it easy enough!"

"It is easy enough to throw it away, I grant. Poor brother Tom!" ejaculated old Watts, in continuation; "he committed a terrible blunder when he sent you to Eton, to acquire notions and acquaintances which you have neither the tact nor the fortune to keep up."

"We shall see, Mr Watts," said the lectured lady, rising so as to appear dignified; "time will show whose policy is best. By improving our connexions, we shall improve our fortunes. Charles will doubtless one day attract the beneficial notice of the ministry through our friends the Skemptons; and who knows but Selina may marry a title?"

The young lady spoken of cast an appealing look towards her mother. "Marry a title!" exclaimed old Watts, the stock-broker, starting up in evident displeasure; "how can she do that, when she is engaged to young Hamilton, my foreign-house clerk?"

At the mention of this name, Miss Ormston suddenly left the room by the folding doors. At the same moment the footman entered by the other, to announce the Honourable Thomas Turnover.

"Hum!" said Mr Watts, pressing his hat upon his head with more than ordinary force; "*I* am no company for honourables. So good morning, Mrs Ormston. I wish you and your son joy of your high connexions. You will find the cash at your new banker's to-morrow at noon."

While descending the stairs, Mr Oliver Watts was passed rapidly and somewhat rudely by a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, who rushed into the drawing-room, and shut its door with a bang. Having made his acknowledgments to Mrs Ormston, he shook her son heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you! You are now a member of the Lushington club. The ballot came off last night, and your election was hailed with acclamation."

Charles Ormston returned the shake of his friend's hand with sincere cordiality. The event announced took a load off his mind. He had dreaded lest any reminiscences of his birth, parentage, and education—all connected with the oil shop in the Borough Road—should have reached the ears of any ill-natured member of the aristocratic "Lushington." In that case, his rejection would have been inevitable. Mrs Ormston also had her misgivings; but now they were cleared up, she overwhelmed the Honourable Thomas Turnover with her thanks.

His next communications were equally gratifying to both parties. Charles was delighted to hear that his friend had "secured" the mare he so much coveted, for a bagatelle of eighty guineas; and Mrs Ormston fell into an ill-concealed rapture when the visitor intimated that he had driven round his phaeton and pair on purpose to give Miss Ormston an airing in the park. She hastened to her daughter to communicate the charming intelligence. "Ah! my Selina," she exclaimed, "if it *should* end as I hope, what an elegant Countess of Skempton you will make!"

Difficulties however great, possibilities however remote, vanish before the anticipations of ambitious mammas. Although between Mr Turnover and the earldom there happened to intervene his father and grandfather, and although his union with Selina was at present barred by a strong affection for a humbler rival, yet did Mrs Ormston stride to the goal of her hopes in a single sentence, despatching in one breath two deaths and a marriage.

But Miss Ormston saw with other eyes, and thought with other thoughts. She obeyed all her mother commanded of her, and struggled hard to suppress her tears, while making ready for the dreaded drive. Mrs Ormston, who insisted upon her looking on this occasion "particularly nice," delayed her long with alterations in, or additions to her costume, so that the Honourable Mr Turnover had to wait an unconscionable time before he was afforded the pleasure of handing her into his carriage. While placing her neat little foot upon the step, Selina beheld on the opposite pavement a well-known face, which presented a picture of unmixed despair, and so great was her emotion, it was with difficulty she was assisted into her seat. The cause of it seemed transfixed with disappointment and wonder, like a person petrified to the spot. He moved nothing but his eyes, which followed the progress of the carriage till it was out of sight. On recovering, he threw himself into a cab, and desired to be driven to the Stock Exchange as fast as possible. Poor fellow! He had spent six hours in an attempt to whisper one word to her, and hopelessly failed.

The subsequent month effected a vast change in the state and being of the Ormstons. A lady, with a taste for expense, and two thousand pounds in ready cash, is not long in furnishing a house; and the removal from the lodging to the new residence near Belgrave Square was speedily effected. Charles, who happily possessed but little city-bred bashfulness, soon placed himself on an easy footing of friendship with several members of the Lushington club. He was astonished at the popularity he so speedily acquired amongst the more immediate friends and satellites of young Turnover. In all their schemes of pleasure, Ormston was sure to be first consulted, and under their tuition he made rapid strides in many gentlemanly accomplishments. In the billiard and card rooms of the club his presence was always welcome; and, by dint of practice, he soon found himself ranked amongst the first-rate players. To be sure, he seldom won, and when he did, it was generally a small stake; but what he lost in money, was made up in flattery and commiseration. It was always admitted that his "play was splendid." "But then," some winner would add, while pocketing his notes, "your bad fortune, my dear fellow, is really unprecedented. A man with your skill and my luck would ruin the whole club." This Charles Ormston implicitly believed, and played on in the hope his "luck" would take a favourable turn. His perseverance was, however, but ill requited, for he continued to play and to lose night after night for several months; and some of the older members of the club were wont to observe amongst themselves, that Turnover and his confederates looked for the presence of Charles Ormston in the card-room, as anxiously as they did for their regular allowances on quarter days. To make matters worse, the eighty-guinea horse was found to be a confirmed "screw," and had fallen incurably lame.

Meantime affairs in Ebury Street were fast approaching the consummation most devoutly desired by Mrs Ormston. The attentions of the Honourable Thomas Turnover to Selina, though by no means ardent, were continuous: he had as yet made no decided overtures, but the mother attributed this silence to prudential motives, the more particularly as the old earl's health was so far declining, as to give her increased hope of ultimately finding her daughter's name in the peerage. In her ardent dreams of a coronet, Mrs Ormston almost overlooked the ravages grief was making in Miss Ormston's constitution; and as she never looked beyond the surface of matters, she rejoiced, rather than was pained, at the growing paleness of Selina's cheeks. It improved, she thought, her appearance, and gave her an air which the old lady had learned to call *distingué!*

Having, by dint of manœuvring, and great industry in visiting, got upon the list of her acquaintance a sufficient number of lords, ladies, sirs, and honourables, Mrs Ormston settled upon giving a grand soirée, on the occasion of her son's coming of age. Her preparations were immense. She got the addresses of the best confectioner, the best wine-merchant, the best rout-furnishers, the best quadrille band that money could bribe to do their best. She had the laundry-lawn covered in with a marquée, which was to be illuminated with variegated lamps. She engaged Italian singers, and ordered fire-works; in short, she determined that her rout should be as like a fête Lady Skempton recently gave at her Twickenham villa, as money and profusion could make it.

It was during the very heat and bustle of these magnificent preparations, that Miss Ormston found an opportunity of slipping out into Hyde Park, to enjoy a luxury which, since her mamma set up a carriage, she had been long denied; namely, to walk. She had scarcely struck into one of the cross paths which leads to Bayswater, before she was overtaken by a young gentleman, who, till that moment, appeared as dejected and care-worn as herself; but his countenance brightened up the instant he beheld her; and when she frankly held out her hand to him, he shook it with evident emotions of delight.

"At last, dear Selina," he began, "chance has granted me what you have so often denied—a meeting."

"You surely would not have me disobey the express commands of my mother!" replied the young lady. "She has forbidden me to hold *any* intercourse with you, and—and I am disregarding her injunctions even at this moment."

Her companion, by a natural impulse, offered her his arm. She had half taken it, when her own dropped heavily by her side, and tears filled her eyes, as she said, "Thank you; no; I dare not!"

"What!" exclaimed her lover; "am I considered so unworthy, that you are forbidden to accept from me the common courtesies of life?"

"Not by me," faultered Miss Ormston timidly; "but by others who have higher views for me—I mean worldly views."

"I know all you would say, my own true Selina. Come," continued Hamilton, drawing her arm into his, and leading her along the path, "risk something for me. I have suffered incessantly for you during the last year. Hours—nay, when counted up—weeks have I spent in parading before your door, fed by the hope—never, alas! realised till now—of getting one moment's conversation with you; but your mother, always forcing you to go out in the new carriage, has prevented that happiness. When, however, I have succeeded in merely seeing you, if but for an instant, that has sent me home happy."

Selina drew her veil closely over her face, for tears were falling fast, and she wished to hide them.

"This, then," said Hamilton impressively, "is an important moment—deeply important to us both. Let us not lose it. Listen. There is no time now for affectation, nor, indeed, for real delicacy; and I must commence what I have to say by assuming one fact"—— Here Hamilton stopped, as if he feared to utter what he wished. At length drawing a long breath, he added, "Selina, we love each other."

The young lady made no sign of dissent.

"There is, then, no doubt between us. Still, you, as a dutiful daughter, deem yourself bound to marry a man you do not, cannot love?"

"No, Henry, I will never marry him!" exclaimed Selina; "and have said so repeatedly."

"Then there is an alternative," continued the lover.

"What would you have me do?" inquired Selina with unusual energy, a faint suspicion, unfavourable to Hamilton's proper respect for her, entering her mind.

"Nothing more rash or undutiful than this," replied Hamilton; "seek your uncle Watts, and ask his advice how to act. Do not imagine that you will find in him a strong advocate in my cause; for it is my belief that he would dissuade you from having me. He and I are not the best of friends. He complains that I am not of the same use to him now that I formerly was; and perhaps he is right, for my mind has been sadly harassed."

They had now come to the northern extremity of the park, and Selina spoke of parting. "But you will promise to see Mr Watts!" asked Hamilton.

None of the doubt or hesitation which hitherto trembled in Miss Ormston's demeanour now remained. The conviction having entered her mind, that, for many reasons, her lover's advice was correct, she answered him without reserve. "Yes," she said, "my uncle, as one of my guardians, has the right of being consulted."

With these words the lovers parted; not sorrowfully, but with lighter hearts than they had possessed for many previous months. Selina saw her way out of a difficulty which had bitterly oppressed her. Accustomed from infancy to obey her mother's lightest wish, the agony of mind caused by her impending engagement with Mrs Ormston's son-in-law elect, had already committed visible ravages on her pretty countenance. She carried her obedience to the length of returning Hamilton's more recent letters unread, and thus remained in ignorance of the advice he had now given her.

On the same morning, Charles Ormston was busily engaged with Turnover at Tattersall's betting-rooms. The great "Derby day" of the Epsom race week was fast approaching, and Ormston's friends had

been kind enough, in sporting phrase, to "make up a book" for him, that is to say, to bet certain sums on his behalf for and against certain horses, in such a manner as, according to their account, insured his winning a very large sum, at the risk of a very small one. The book in which all these transactions were entered, on being placed in its owner's hands, was filled with a number of hieroglyphics, the meaning of which he could not, in the slightest degree, make out. From Turnover's interpretation, however, he understood that, if certain horses he named should gain the race, Ormston would win several thousand pounds.

It happened that the eventful race-day was the same as that on which Charles became of age, when the grand rout was to take place. After much anxious expectation, it came; and Mrs Ormston surveyed her preparations in an ecstacy of satisfaction. With the dread peculiar to persons of her breeding, of not having "enough" of everything, the lavish profusion apparent on all sides was really refreshing to her capacious notions of good taste. By the hour named on the invitations (an ultra-fashionable one just before midnight), everything seemed complete. The four occasional waiters, all in dingy white waistcoats, who were to announce the visitor's names from landing to landing, were punctually at their posts. The three cooks (from the confectioner's), in paper caps and white jackets, had set out as much of the supper as the immense table under the marquèe would hold; the quadrille band came, but was found so numerous, that it nearly filled up the back drawing-room, so the double bass players were sent away, to leave more space for the dancers; choice flowers in pots (hired from the Brompton nursery) duly adorned the stairs. In short, everything accorded exactly with Mrs Ormston's views of splendour and elegance.

She was recalled from her survey by the knock of the first visitor, and rushed to her seat of state with the utmost precipitation, lest she should be "caught" unfashionably superintending the preparations. Charles and Selina were both in the drawing-room, looking the reverse of happy. The brother was nervous about the result of the race, the news of which he expected every moment; the sister dreaded a misunderstanding between her uncle and mother; for the old gentleman had contrived to let her know that he intended being present, accompanied with some friends.

The rooms filled rapidly, and the names of the first thirty or forty guests were properly announced; much to the delight of the hostess, for every third name bore a title. But as the influx increased, this formulary became impracticable from the crowd, which was inconveniently great, even before two-thirds of the guests could arrive. The occasional waiters therefore withdrew to the kitchen, just to look after the wine, and to see that the decanters were not sent to table vulgarly full: the drawing-room was too crowded for dancing, the musicians not having elbow-room to play: the stairs were impassable; some of the plants got kicked over; others tore the ladies' dresses; and one of the many persons who had taken refuge in the hall, got a severe contusion on the head from the fall of a flower-pot; while a fashionable doctor, who incautiously looked up to see which of the ladies it was who had fainted, got his spectacles broken by a stray coffee-cup which a servant let fall over the banisters.

During this crisis, several of the visitors found their way to the marquèe, and their example was not slow in being followed by others. The place was soon filled; and a few of the guests, at a loss for amusement, commenced a vigorous attack upon the viands. Thus, the splendid supper, which was to have been announced by a flourish from the quadrille band, was demolished before its time. The speech by which Lord Skempton was to have prefaced Charles Ormston's health, was lost; and as the servants had no room to place fresh viands upon the table, not above one half of the guests got anything to eat.

While the confusion was confounding the guests below stairs, other disasters were occurring in the drawing-rooms. In the first place, the Honourable Thomas Turnover made his appearance in a state of great excitement, produced by his visit to Epsom, and a large quantity of champagne he had imbibed on the race-course. On entering the house, he violently thrust aside several ladies to get up stairs; and their shrieks were positively alarming to the occupants of the drawing-room. By dint, however, of perseverance, and the unsparing use of his elbows, he at length reached the object of his search. He found Charles Ormston wedged into a corner, and informed him that the wrong horse had won.

"How much have I lost, then?" was Ormston's natural question.

"I don't believe it is much over five thousand. You'll pay up at Tattersall's on Tuesday, of course?" was the consoling answer.

This information, so coolly conveyed, caused Ormston to collapse into a kind of stupor, but he was soon awakened from it. A confused murmur arose from the marquèe, which gradually increased to loud and fearful cries of alarm. Some voices, heard above the rest, implored that the street door might be opened; others called for water. Several fearful explosions, like the discharge of artillery, were succeeded by an appalling glare of light at the farther end of the marquèe. To the terror of all present, it was announced that the fireworks had accidentally become ignited! A general rush was made to the door; and the house was happily emptied of the majority of the guests without any very serious damage.

Attention was next directed to the fire itself. Mr Watts—who, now the crowd had given way, became visible—desired every door and window in the house to be shut, an order which was promptly complied with. By this precaution, nothing but the marquèe in the back lawn and its contents were burnt, for the fire was, on subsiding sufficiently, put out by the active exertions of the remaining guests—the men-servants having arranged the decanters so much to their liking, that they were too inebriated to afford assistance.

It was a long time before Mrs Ormston recovered sufficiently from her fright to feel the full tide of disappointment and vexation which set in upon her. That this—the grand re-union which was to cement the friendship of all the high connexions she took a whole year to form, should have been so utter a failure, was, she said, "enough to break her heart."

"I trust it will not do that," answered Watts dryly; "but I hope it will break you of setting up pretensions you can never support."

"What! not upon two thousand a-year?"

"No; nor upon twenty thousand," replied the stock-broker; "unless you know *how* to spend it. Let this be a lesson to you, and let me point out its application. You wished to give a soirée in all respects equal to that of your friend Lady Skempton."

"Then *you* know them!"

"Indeed I do; and know their son, your elected son-in-law, to be a thorough schemer. But that's your affair: what I now desire is to show you why you have made such an outrageous mess of your rout. You would imitate the nobility, and take Lady Skempton as your especial pattern. But you will never can carry the imitation beyond a blunder; because you have not the means. The Skemptons have an adequate establishment of well-disciplined servants, who know their business; *you* hire your extra attendants from your tradesmen: the Skemptons know exactly how many guests their house and grounds will accommodate, to make them pass their evening agreeably; you invite twice as many guests as your house will hold: they make all their previous arrangements with care, the result of experience derived from passing their lives amongst people of their own rank; you were obliged to guess at everything, so that whatever turns out well is a matter of chance. Before this day is over, you will find that you are the laughing-stock of the whole town."

The person addressed, together with her son, who was present, listened to the lecture with greater attention on this occasion than they had ever done before. Charles—from some expressions dropped by Turnover in a moment of drunken incautiousness—was convinced that his supposed friend had completely duped him, and consequently began to see the force of his uncle's remarks.

On the following Tuesday, Ormston made his appearance at the betting-rooms, to see what he actually had lost. Turnover, who was there first, was extremely delighted to see him, and clapping him on the back, called him a "capital fellow," for, of course, he had come to "pay up."

Charles dropped his crest, and was forced into the humiliating disclosure that he had not at present sufficient ready money. If, however, he could get time——

"Time!" exclaimed the Honourable Thomas Turnover, changing his smile into a fierce frown—"time; why, you must be joking! This is 'settling day,' and you don't mean to own that you have not brought your check-book!"

"My assets at the banker's would not cover a quarter of the amount."

Turnover was thunderstricken. "What!" he exclaimed, "am I, who made your bets, to be compromised, merely because you persuade me to form engagements for you you have no means of keeping? Why, sir, my character as a betting man will be ruined! In short, you *must* provide the needful."

Some part of this conversation having been overheard, it soon got buzzed about the room that Ormston was a defaulter. Several persons came up to him, and with constrained politeness, demanded their bets. He stammered, hesitated, and at length determined to make his escape. His sporting creditors would not, however, allow him to do so until they made him aware, by half-uttered exclamations, that they considered him a "contemptible mushroom." But his horror may be conceived when he found his name placarded in the rooms as that of a defaulter!

This did not remain a secret for a day; and it was speedily noised abroad that the upstart Ormstons were in insolvent circumstances. Tradesmen's accounts poured in rapidly upon Mrs Ormston, every one of which was accompanied with a note, assuring her that the writer had "a large bill to make up" by a certain day. Other disappointments followed. There was not one of the titled friends who suffered or returned her visits, or even spoke to the lady or her daughter in the street. They were universally "cut," as people who had made false pretences to wealth they did not possess.

In this dreadful emergency Selina recollected the advice of her lover, and suggested that their difficulties should be laid before Mr Watts. From so severe a humiliation Mrs Ormston at first recoiled; but as her disgrace was daily deepening by the impertinence of tradesmen, and the openly-expressed contempt of her "noble friends," she at last consented.

"So!" exclaimed the old gentleman, when the Ormstons, mother, son, and daughter, found their way to his counting-house in the city, "it has come to this at last. But I will not be too hard upon you. You shall have the money you want."

"Kind, generous uncle!" interrupted Charles, in an outburst of gratitude.

"Wait a bit," resumed old Watts; "not so fast. You shall only have the cash upon certain conditions. The first is, that you, sir, make your exit from London forthwith, and go to college to finish the education so badly begun."

"That I shall be delighted to do," said young Ormston.

"You, Mrs Ormston, must give up the house in Ebury Street, and put down your carriage."

The old lady sighed assent.

"As for you, miss," continued the old gentleman, addressing his niece with a comical severity, "I shall not let you off so easily; for you have a heavy sin to answer for. That clerk of mine, Harry Hamilton, you have actually ruined. Before he knew you, there was not a sharper lad in Bartholomew Lane, but now he is not worth ten pounds a-year to me, or to himself either. The sentence I shall pass upon you will be a severe one, I promise you; it will affect the term of your natural life. There, there; don't blush and weep so; but dry your eyes with this; it's a check for the amount your mother has come to borrow."

What the punishment was, the reader will discover by the sequel.

* * *

Two years elapsed, and the scene was changed to a neat but elegant cottage at Richmond. On a fine autumn evening, a small party were sitting at the open parlour window, watching the motions of a nurse-maid, who was trying to teach her little charge to walk upon the lawn. All seemed interested in the operation but an old gentleman, in the last stage of a complicated disorder, called the "fidgets." He rose from his chair, looked at his watch, sat down again, pretended to hum a tune, and lastly burst forth with—"Confound the fellow, I wish he'd come!"

"My dear uncle," remarked the younger of the two ladies present, "I never knew you so impatient before. Henry said it was not possible for him to bring the news before seven, and it is not long past six."

"Well, perhaps, after all, I am an old fool for my pains," replied Mr Watts (for it was he); "but I must say I set my whole heart upon Charles gaining the election. He has acted so well—has followed my advice so thoroughly—(and so have you, Mrs Ormston; let me give you full credit)—has behaved so steadily and got on so rapidly during his second spell at college, that if he be not rewarded for all this by success and a seat in the house, I really believe I shall go crazed."

At this moment the clattering of fast falling horses' hoofs was heard in the road, and presently a violent peal at the bell was followed by our friend Henry Hamilton, who rushed in, waving a printed placard headed "Ormston and Independence." "Huzza! the day is ours!" he exclaimed. "Here it is in black and white—majority for Ormston, fifty-nine!"

"Dear Harry, what a fearful heat you are in," exclaimed Selina, forgetting for a moment the success of her brother in anxiety about her husband.

The first emotion of joy over, a new source of pleasure was presented. Hamilton explained that Charles Ormston had arranged to drive straight through the metropolis from the scene of his triumph, and would doubtless join them before bed-time. Sure enough, about ten o'clock he arrived. His mother received him in her arms with tears of sincere joy. The uncle shook him heartily by the hand; in short, he was greeted with one of those cordial, deep, family welcomes, which fills the hearts of both givers and receiver with the purest joy. It was one of those moments of which there only happens one in a life-time.

After supper, the conversation naturally turned upon past events. In this Mr Watts took as usual the largest share. "You now see," he said, "the effect of people keeping within their means; I mean their social and intellectual, as well as their pecuniary means."

"I must say I have long seen my error," said Mrs Ormston.

"So I should think," was the consolatory rejoinder. "The loss of seven thousand pounds in rout-going, betting, and other aristocratic amusements, ought to have opened your and Charles's eyes if anything would."

"Mine will soon be closed," said Ormston, "unless I have something to keep me awake. I am tired and sleepy, for electioneering is harder work than you imagine."

"Well," persevered the lecturer, "I have only one word more to say. You perceive, from past experience, that it is easy enough for any person with cash at his command to cultivate the acquaintance of a certain section of the nobility—of that class who have lost caste amongst their 'order,' and who make dupes of those whom they find so easy a prey as tuft-hunters. On the other hand, the true nobility of this country are constantly lifting persons of talent out of their original sphere, to add a tone and infuse additional intellect into their social state. Eminent worth

and genius, therefore, are the only sure passports to 'high life.' Charles has now got into the right track to satisfy an ambition which is never unworthy when properly followed up; so just pass the negus, and here's to the health and prosperity of Charles Ormston, Esquire, M.P. for Plumpton!"

## THE STAGE-COACH PHYSIOGNOMIST.

[BY R. L. EDGEWORTH.]

I LIVE upon the edge of a small common, through which a great road leads to the metropolis. Nearly twenty stage-coaches pass near my door every day; and it is one of my favourite amusements, when I have leisure, to get into one of these vehicles, if I like the looks of the passengers, and to proceed with them as long as I find anything in their conversation that is either new or agreeable. I have sometimes changed my coach ten times in one day, without meeting a single person who afforded any materials for observation, or any circumstance worth remembering. I was, however, uncommonly fortunate in one of my late excursions. On a fine day, in the beginning of summer, when the weather was neither too hot nor too cold, when the glasses on both sides of the coach were by tacit consent left open, and when neither the weather nor the roads were such as to occupy the attention of my fellow-travellers, they, by degrees, entered into conversation, and amongst various subjects, at last we fell upon that of physiognomy. A thin pale man, who had the air of a traveller, told us that he had lately been at Zurich, where he had been well acquainted with the famous Lavater. He spoke of *him* and his art with so much warmth, that I began to suspect that we had Lavater himself in the coach. I, however, soon perceived, by the accent with which he pronounced French, that he was an Englishman. He mentioned various strange opinions which his master had not ventured to put in his book, but which were still more absurd than his attributing a character to a dish of tea, and physiognomy to a cockchaffer. At these ridiculous fancies, a fat fair lady, who sat in one corner of the coach, laughed most heartily.

"How is it possible," said she, "that a dish of tea can have a character? I have heard say that a cup of coffee may have virtue in fortune-telling; indeed I once had a cup of coffee turned upon myself, and it certainly was not much out as to my fortune. And then a cockchaffer! Who ever looked at the features of such an animal; for my part, I can't tell whether he has eyes, nose, and mouth, or not."

"Ma'am," replied the traveller, "the cockchaffer is a species of beetle; you have, I suppose, ma'am, seen a beetle?" "Surely, sir."

"And, ma'am, as the immortal Shakspeare says—

> 'The poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporeal suffering, finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies!'

Now, ma'am, don't you think, when this poor beetle feels this corporeal pang, he shows his feelings in his countenance, like any other creature?"

This speech was uttered with emphasis, and with such an air of triumph, as plainly showed that the speaker was much pleased with his own eloquence. A corpulent gentlemen, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat with gilt buttons, with a well-combed bobwig on his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, who sat in the corner of the coach, diagonally opposite to the lady, exclaimed, with much vehemence, "the countenance of a cockchaffer!" As I happened to sit opposite to this sententious disputant, my foot narrowly escaped feeling the full force of his argument; for, as he spoke, he struck his gold-headed cane with great violence against the bottom of the coach between my feet, which were not half an inch asunder. From this moment of the debate, whenever the red cheeks of my opposite neighbour began to puff, I kept my eye steadily upon his cane, that I might escape the blow with which he regularly finished his argument. I could not help observing to the company, that the extraordinary pretensions of Dr Lavater and his followers were highly prejudicial to the art which they wished to recommend; that the reasonable claims of true physiognomists had by these means lost their just credit; and that when a man now talked of forming an opinion of the characters of strangers from their countenance and manners, he was immediately suspected of belonging to a school which he disclaimed.

A middle-sized middle-aged officer now for the first time opened his lips. "I agree with you entirely, sir," said he. "A man who has seen the world necessarily learns those marks by which the occupations and characters of individuals may with some certainty be discovered."

A young man, of modest and genteel appearance, who was the fifth passenger, and who was wedged in between the traveller and the gentleman with the cane, smiled such a dissent to the assertions of the last speaker, that, without waiting for a direct answer, the officer confirmed his own opinion by offering to put it to immediate trial, if the company would give him leave, provided the gentleman who was Lavater's pupil would give a previous specimen of his skill. Our fellow-travellers, with great good humour, agreed to this proposal, and we all promised that we would, without disguise, acknowledge the truth of any successful discovery which either of the physiognomists should make.

The traveller, as I call him, very gravely requested the lady to throw aside her handsome silk cloak, and let him see the shape of the olicranon, or tip of her elbow. To this she cheerfully consented; but upon his desiring to see the bones of her head beyond the precincts of her nice lace cap, she became refractory, and it was with much difficulty that she was persuaded to show a glimpse of her forehead. The owner of the gold-headed cane was next persuaded to push back his wig a couple of inches, to show the configuration of his skull. The gentleman who sat between the traveller and this important person turned his head all manner of ways to satisfy the anatomical curiosity of the disciple of Lavater, and I also submitted my occiput and sinciput to every investigation that he required; but in no one instance did he give satisfaction. He determined, from the conformation of the lady's elbow and temples, that she was of West Indian extraction; that the well-bred sensible young man, who sat next him, had a most choleric disposition, indicated by a certain bone which he mentioned; and that from my osteology, I must necessarily be of a most profoundly melancholy temperament.

After having laughed heartily at the failure of this physiognomist of bones, the officer, with a mild countenance, free from all airs of superior wisdom, addressed himself to the lady, whose sex required his first attentions. "Madam," said he, "I don't pretend to make any discovery when I say that you are of a good-humoured and good-natured disposition; that every child could immediately perceive in your countenance. I pretend to know only what have been your ordinary occupations, and what has been the general course of your life, but in doing so I fear to offend. If you will promise to forgive me with your usual good nature, if I guess right, I will submit to be upbraided as much as you please if I am wrong." The lady having promised all that was required, the officer told her that she had been the mistress of some public house, whether of a coffee-house, inn, or tavern, he could not precisely tell, but he supposed the former. "Well, sir," says she, "and suppose I have! I hope there is no harm in that! I don't see why people should be so curious about other people's affairs. I suppose, sir, you took care to inquire who we all were before you got into the coach?" From this the gentleman readily exculpated himself, by calling to our recollection that he had been taken up at Kensington turnpike. The lady continued to vent her displeasure in angry tones, notwithstanding that we all reminded her of our unanimous engagement not to be offended with the truth.

At length the comely landlady, whose costly clothes and genteel address entitled her to pass at least for the wife of a justice of the peace, consented to be pacified, on condition that the officer should tell the means by which he had discovered her occupation.

"Why, madam, I formed my opinion from a very trifling circumstance. I observed that whenever you began to speak, your right hand immediately applied itself to one particular spot near your pocket-hole, upon which place your fingers moved incessantly during your discourse. I perceived that your fingers, from habit, moved as if they were fumbling amongst a bunch of keys."

"Sir," said the lady, recovering her good humour, "I acknowledge that you are right. I for many years carried a bunch of keys under my apron (when aprons were the fashion), and it is likely enough that I should get the custom of feeling for the key that would probably be wanted." We were all pleased with this successful effort of rational physiognomy, particularly the gentleman with the cane, who seemed delighted at the discomfiture of the landlady. "I doubt very much," says he, "if you discover who I am. I think I am a bit of a judge upon these subjects, and I do not know a single point about me from which you could make a good hit."

"Sir," says the officer, "what you have just said would make me suspect that you were upon the turf, notwithstanding your dress and deportment, which would lead me to think that you were a rich merchant, or, perhaps, an alderman; but a physiognomist depends more upon the category of accident than that of dress. If my art does not deceive me, sir, you are an auctioneer."

"And so I am, sir; but how did you find that out? You have not heard me utter twenty sentences since we met, and not one word in my way has escaped my lips."

"That is true," replied the officer; "but whenever you thought you had a conclusive argument, you always knocked down the prize in dispute to yourself with your cane, instead of the usual hammer of business. I appeal to the gentleman opposite to you, who has parried many of your blows with great dexterity." This observation I readily confirmed, and the company joined with me in admiring the sagacity of our fellow-traveller. He passed me over very slightly, observing, that like most idle gentleman, there was nothing peculiar in my manners. The genteel young man, whom I have described as the fifth passenger, smiled at this remark, and offering himself to the inquiring eyes of his judge, demanded what he supposed him to be?

"Sir," said the wary officer, "I acknowledge that for a long time I was at fault with respect to you; your knowledge of literature, and easy deportment, led me to believe that you were a gentleman of fortune, who lived in the best company; but I am inclined to pronounce that you are a haberdasher or silk mercer."

"I am, most certainly," said the young man, blushing; "son to Mr ——, the silk mercer, on Ludgate Hill; and I shall now be much obliged to you if you will let me know by what signs and tokens you discovered my occupation."

"Sir," said our hero, "whenever you talked eagerly, you drew the slight switch that is in your hands through your fingers and thumb, precisely to the length of a yard; and the accuracy with which this motion was repeated, convinced me that long practice alone could have made you so expert."

The young mercer was much pleased with this explanation. He was more flattered by being known to be a merchant, and at the same time to be taken notice of for good manners and good sense, than to pass for a man of ton, without being supposed to have cultivated his mind. The anatomical physiognomist was the only person in company who felt mortification; by pretending to knowledge beyond the true bounds of his art, he overlooked the obvious indications of character which would have occurred to a common observer; and though he might not have discovered the occupations of the landlady, the mercer, and the auctioneer, by a bunch of keys, a switch, and a gold-headed cane, he might have divined that the lady was not a West Indian, that the mercer was not remarkably choleric, and that I was not of a melancholic temperament. I am aware that what I have written may appear extravagant and improbable—a fate that often befalls the relation of real incidents in works of entertainment. I, however, assure my readers that the physiognomical anecdotes which are preserved in the foregoing pages are *true*.

[The above *jeu d'esprit* has been handed to us for publication by the accomplished Maria Edgeworth, as a production of her late father, which appeared many years ago in an Irish periodical. The humour of attempting to discover professional character by certain external circumstances is by no means fanciful. Skilled police officers in London are generally able to detect impostors by peculiarities of person and manner caused by professional habits. The needle-marked finger of the sempstress and tailor, the gall from the plane on the right hand of the carpenter, the muscular arm and hand of the blacksmith, the shuffling walk of the groom, and the rolling gait of the sailor, are among the more obvious of these professional indications.]

## THE CENCI.

ABOUT half a century after the papal dominions had been relieved from the crimes of the Borgias, a new family of distinction began to vex society with its delinquencies. These were called the Cenci. The crimes of the Cenci, however, were much less of a public nature than those of the Borgias, and the notice taken of them is chiefly confined to circumstances connected with their domestic history. From the lively work of Alexander Dumas,* we propose gathering a few particulars regarding the Cenci, keeping the more odious of their vices discreetly in the shade.

Francesco Cenci was the son of Nicholas Cenci, treasurer under Pius V., and from his father inherited immense wealth, which enabled him to purchase impunity for his crimes, and to pursue a career adapted to his corrupt imagination and passionate desires. At this period society was extremely unsettled in Rome and its neighbourhood. "Every crime," says Dumas, "was tolerated, provided always the assassin and the judges were well paid." Francesco, therefore, found the world exactly suited to his mind. He cared for and feared nothing. "Adroit in all manly exercises, an excellent horseman, he rode at times without resting from Rome to Naples, forty-one leagues distant from each other; journeying without fear of the brigands, though oftentimes alone, and with no other arms than a sword and a poniard. If his horse fell from fatigue, he bought another; if the purchase was refused, he seized it; if resistance was made, he struck, and that always with the point, never with the handle of his weapon. Moreover, being well known throughout the papal states, and his generosity admitted, no one opposed his wish; some yielded through fear, others from interest. Impious, sacrilegious, and an atheist, he never entered a church, or, if he did, it was to blaspheme, and not to pray. He had married an heiress, whose name is unknown, and who left him seven children, five boys and two girls. His second wife was Lucrezia Petroni, who, excepting the brilliant fairness of her complexion, was the perfect type of Roman beauty. As if every feeling of human nature was denied him, he hated his own offspring, a feeling which he hardly strove to conceal; and it is related of him, that when building a church in the court of his splendid palace, dedicated to St Thomas, near the Tiber, he designed a catacomb, saying, 'It is here I hope to bury them all.'"

The wish of the unnatural parent was ere long partly fulfilled. His eldest daughter escaped, by marriage, from the intolerable thraldom in which she was placed; and two sons, Rocco and Christofero, were both killed within a few months. Giacomo, the eldest son, fled from the family mansion, a castle in a secluded part of the country. Beatrice, the youngest daughter, a girl of angelic beauty, remained entirely in the hands of her father, who, with respect to her treatment, combined the cruelty of a tyrant with the

* Foreign Library. Celebrated Crimes, by Alexander Dumas. Part II. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.

slow perseverance of a demon. With her mother Lucrezia, she addressed a memorial to the pope, detailing the outrages to which they were subjects, and praying for protection; but the petition never reached its destination; and they were thrown on their own schemes for relief. At this juncture, during a temporary absence of Francesco, they were visited by Giacomo and an acquaintance, the abbé Guerra; and, to shorten the narrative, it was finally resolved, with the aid of two hired sbirri, Olympo and Marzio, to put the father to death. The plot being arranged, and the two sbirri being concealed in the castle, Francesco returned home. On the evening of September 9, 1598, after being lulled to sleep by an infusion of opium in his wine, the crime was perpetrated, and in a manner too horrible to be detailed in these pages. The body was thrown over the castle wall, to give it an appearance of falling by accident. Circumstances, however, brought the crime to light. All the parties concerned, including a younger son of Francesco, named Bernardo, were arrested and brought to a kind of trial, or, properly speaking, torture and confession of their guilt.

"There were at this period," says Dumas, "four kinds of torture in use at Rome, that of the whistle, fire, total deprivation of sleep, and the cord and pulleys. The first, applied in general to children and the aged, consisted in thrusting beneath the quick of the nail reeds cut in the shape of whistles. The second, in exposing the feet to a great fire, the soles being first well greased with lard, until they became perfectly fried. The torture of deprivation of sleep was invented by Marsilius, and consisted in making the sufferer sit in a frame of wood about five feet high, and angular. He was naked, with his arms bound to the machine behind him, two men were seated by his side, who were relieved every fifth hour, and awoke him the moment they observed the slightest desire to sleep. Marsilius has asserted that no one was ever known to endure this torture; but Marsilius is too boastful. Farinacci admits that out of a hundred who endured it, five only persisted either in denial or in refusal to confess; an admission sufficiently flattering to the genius of its inventor. The torture by cord and pulley admitted of three degrees of intensity. The first was merely the fear excited by its horrible preparation, and the slight compression of the wrists. The second degree was when the victim was undressed, his wrists tightly bound behind his back, from whence the rope was passed around a pulley in the vaulted roof, and thence fixed to a windlass, by means of which the body suspended could be raised or lowered at will; gradually, or by a sudden jerk, as the judge deemed fit. This lasted generally during the recitation of a Paternoster, an Ave Maria, or Miserere, but if ineffectual, the time was greatly extended. The last degree was conducted as the preceding, only that after suspension for different intervals of time, varying from a quarter to three quarters of an hour, in Spain to an hour and a quarter, the prisoner was either moved to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock, or suffered to fall from the full elevation of the rope to within two feet of the floor. If he resisted this, which was almost unheard of, his feet were manacled, and to these also weights were attached, by which means the inexpressible pain of the torture was doubled.

"As after her re-examination Beatrice, notwithstanding the avowals of her brothers and step-mother, still persisted in her denial, she was raised in the manner described about two feet from the floor by the pulley, and thus kept during the time occupied by the recital of a Paternoster. Being again questioned, she made no answer, except 'You kill me; you kill me;' whereupon she was raised still higher, and they commenced the Ave Maria until she fainted. Upon recovery, the rope was turned again, and the Miserere was now said, during which she gave utterance only to exclamations of pain. She was now elevated to the height of ten feet from the ground, and the judge again questioned her; but whether she was speechless or unwilling to confess, she made a sign only with her head, either that she could or would not speak. 'Perceiving this,' continues the official detail, 'we made a sign to the executioner to loose the rope, so that she fell by a sudden jerk, with the full weight of her body, from an elevation of ten to two feet, by the force of which her arms were wrenched quite round, whereupon she uttered a loud cry, and swooned. She was again restored, and exclaimed, 'Infamous assassins, you slay me; but if you even tear my arms from my body, I will make no other answer.' Wherefore we ordered her feet to be manacled, and a weight of fifty pounds to be attached to them. But at this moment the door was opened, and several voices cried, 'Enough, enough; oh! do not torture her again.' This proceeded from Giacomo, Bernardo, and Lucrezia Petroni, who, seeing Beatrice suspended, her arms dislocated, and covered with the blood which flowed from her wrists, advanced into the torture chamber and said, 'We are guilty, and now penitence can alone save our souls, or enable us with courage to endure death; do not suffer them thus cruelly to torture you, by an obstinate refusal to confess.'

To which she answered, 'Do you seek death then; you are wrong to do so; but if you wish to die, so let it be.' Then turning to the executioner, 'Untie me,' she added, 'and read to me the questions you would put. That which I ought to confess I will confess, and that which I ought to deny I will deny.'

Beatrice was thereupon unbound, the barber dressed her arms in the ordinary manner, and, as she had promised, she made a full confession."

The pope was so excited upon reading the details of the crime, that he adjudged the culprits Beatrice, Lucrezia, and Giacomo, to death on the scaffold, but remitted the sentence on Bernardo, of whose guilt there was no substantial proof. The sentence was in a few days afterwards carried into execution, with all the barbaric accompaniments of these unhappy times. Dumas, who commences his narrative with an account of the tomb of Beatrice in the church of San Pietro, in Montorio, concludes it with an allusion to her portrait. "And now, gentle reader, if, after you have seen the tomb, you desire to obtain a more accurate idea of the face and form of her who therein reposes, you should visit the Barberini Gallery, where, amid five other chefs-d'œuvres, you will see the portrait of Beatrice, painted by Guido, either the night preceding her death, or during her procession to the scaffold. It is a beautiful head, ornamented by a turban, to which a rich velvet drapery is attached; the hair of glossy chestnut colour; dark eyes, within which the tear seems yet to tremble; a nose well-formed, and mouth almost infantine; a complexion remarkably fair; the age apparently about twenty-two. Close by this hangs the portrait of Lucrezia, the very type of the Roman matron, in all her pride of beauty. Of Giacomo and Bernardo no portraits exist. They are described: the former as of middle size, fair but ruddy, and with black eyebrows, affable in his nature, of good address, and well skilled in every science, and in all knightly exercises. He was not more than twenty-three when he died. Lastly, Bernardo so closely resembled Beatrice in complexion, features, and every thing else, that when he first appeared upon the scaffold, with his long hair and feminine figure, many at first thought that it was Beatrice; his age, at her death, has been stated at twenty-six years of age, but he appeared not more than fourteen. He remained in the prison of Terdinona for some time after the execution of his family, and, upon his release, became heir to all their possessions. Peace be with their remains!"

## SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE SCOTTISH SONGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the old Scottish songs there is one well-marked feature distinguishing them into two classes—namely, songs written by educated, and songs written by uneducated persons. In the first class, the language is generally less broadly Scotch (though in some instances it is fully as much so); the diction is grammatically more correct, and the versification more perfect, rhymes being generally given to the first and third as well as to the second and fourth lines of the stanzas, where they are of that arrangement. The character of the second class is indicated by the want of the superior peculiarities of the first. Education of the kind which I have in view having been limited in former times to the superior orders of society, we may safely conclude that nearly the whole of the first class were composed by persons in the condition of gentlemen and ladies; a conclusion which I fear will be mortifying to many who entertain a vague notion that our national songs are peculiarly lays of the common people, but which appears to me, nevertheless, to be quite irresistible. Nay more, by far the larger number of the songs which are now considered as possessed of merit, or which retain any popularity, are of the first class; so that we must in the main look to the aristocracy of the country, such as it was down to the last age, as the source and origin of these delightful lyrics. We ought here to remember that the Scottish gentry and upper and professional classes generally, were a very different sort of people sixty years ago, and previously to that time, from what they are now. They lived frugally and simply, spoke the Doric of their native land (though more elegantly than the common people), and, in the department of amusements, aspired to nothing superior to a native tune played on a spinnet, or a native song sung at table. There was much cheerfulness, and sometimes a good deal of humour, with comparatively little refinement. The old songs are mainly the relics of the literature of this class and age. It is rather remarkable how large a proportion of authorship seems to have fallen to the fairer sex. Miss Jane Elliot, Mrs Cockburn, Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Jessy Graham, Lady Wardlaw, are but a selection of female names connected with our anthology.

One of the old songs, which appears to me to be peculiarly marked as the production of an educated mind, is the well-known humorous one entitled *My Jo Janet*. It is, moreover, one peculiarly Scottish in spirit, partaking strongly of that disposition to keep down vanity and extravagance which was so conspicuous a feature of the old Scottish character, and a fitting one too, considering the narrow circumstances of the country in former days. Janet carries on a dialogue with apparently an elderly person of the opposite sex, who may be presumed to have had some interest in her, such as that of a guardian:—

"Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass,* then."

"Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonnie sel',
My jo Janet."

"Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I fa' in, sir?
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drowned mysel' for sin, sir."

"Haud* the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet."

The lady requests a pair of new shoes, and is told to patch the old, for the new are dear; when she replies—

"But what if, dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be tauking."

"Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet."

The versification and whole arrangement of ideas and words are here perfect—equal to those of the most highly educated poets; and it would surprise me much to learn that a common rustic was the author of such a song. It is not less modern, however older it may be, than 1724, when Ramsay published it. By the by, it is surprising that no editor has remarked its strong affiliation to the ultra-prudent region of Aberdeenshire. The rhyme sheen (for shoon) to Aberdeen is not the only proof of this, for the Bass alluded to in the first stanza is much more probably the hillock of that name on the banks of the Urie in that county, than the island of the same name in the Firth of Forth, which no one could properly have occasion to "come by," in any ordinary locomotion, and where certainly no looking glasses were to be purchased.

As a strongly characteristic specimen of the other class, I would cite *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*, which first appeared in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. The diction of this piece partakes of the obscurity and confusion which the uneducated mind can so rarely get rid of; and even the allusions to mythological matters only serve to establish the same conclusion, as they look precisely such as an unlettered person, who had got a smattering of learning, would be apt to make. There is, however, a certain homely charm in this old ditty. It alludes to Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, and many other places in the vale of the Leader, in that strain of affectionate admiration which might be expected from a native. From various inferences, this piece must have been written between 1674 and 1724, and by a person styled *Burn the Violer*, who was in all probability a protegé of the Lauderdale family, which in his age produced a poet in the well-known translator of Virgil.

There is a very well-known ditty called *Scornful Nancy*, which Allan Ramsay first published in 1724. It begins thus:—

Nancy's to the greenwood gane,
To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring;
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her heart by flatt'ring.

Some parts of the dialogue of this couple are spirited and amusing. The lover thus vindicates the respectability of his sire:—

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,†
He keepit aye a gude kail-yard,‡
A ha' house and a pantry;
A gude blue bonnet on his head,
An owerlay 'bout his craigie;§
And aye, until the day he died,
He rade on good shanks-naigie.

The last line is a piece of sly humour, shanks-nigie being an ingenious periphrasis for walking on foot. A family named Ainslie, long settled at Roslin, had a constant tradition amongst them, that Scornful Nancy was composed by a paternal ancestor of theirs, who, about the beginning of the last century, was a farmer in the parish of Carrington, near Dalkeith. Ainslie, or whoever he was, must have been a humorous genius of no common stamp, as the above verses themselves show; but it is not to be for a moment supposed that one capable of writing that song would write no other. The probability is, that he would write many. And there certainly is a cluster of songs betraying very much the same humour and style of versification as Scornful Nancy. One called *Maggie's Tocher* (portion or dowery), which also appeared in Ramsay's collection, 1724, and describes a negotiation between a lover in humble life and his mistress's father, contains the following verse:—

"Consider weel, gudeman,
We hae but borrowed gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
The saddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrowed boots;
And when that I gang hame,
I maun tak to my coots."†

The father replies—

"I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain;
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But since that things are sae,
The bride she maun come forth,
Though a' the gear she'll hae
'Twill be but little worth.

* Looking-glass.

* Hold. † 'Tis folly to be boastful. ‡ Cabbage-garden. § A cravat about his neck. ‖ Bare ankles.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy, cry on Gilles the mother;"
"Content am I," quoth she;
"E'en gar the hizzie come hither."

Compare this again with the better known ditty of *Wooed and Married and a'*:—

The bride came out o' the byre,
And O, as she dighted her cheeks!
"Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right mickle ado."

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough,
"O, hand your tongue, my daughter,
And ye'se get gear enough;
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yaud*
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jade?" &c.

A strong resemblance in the style of both ideas and language must here be discernible. This last song we cannot certainly trace to an earlier publication than one called the Charmer, printed in 1751: Mr Stenhouse, a recent editer, says, however, that it was current in the south of Scotland (his native district) at a much earlier period. It has had the honour to be elegantly paraphrased by Joanna Baillie for Mr George Thomson's classic collection of the Scottish melodies and songs.†

Another group gives us, first, a song beginning

There came a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There came a young man to my daddie's door,
Came seeking me to woo.

Second, the spirited dramatic song called *Muirland Willie*, which likewise relates to an affair of courtship. The description of the suitor, which has been particularly admired, is much akin, it will be seen, to the above:—

On his grey yaud as he did ride,
With dirk and pistol by his side,
He pricked her on wi' mickle pride,
With mickle mirth and glee;
Out over yon moss, out over yon muir,
Till he came to her daddie's door,
With a fal de ral, lal, &c.

The marriage festivities—

The bridal day it came to pass,
With mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicean a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straikit hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage-bands,
With a fal de ral, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue
Frae tap to toe they were bran new,
And blinkit bonnilie;
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in oor lads's een,
With a fal de ral, &c.

The next of this group will startle many, for another supposition has been formed respecting it. It is the well-known *Gaberlunzie Man*, usually attributed to King James V., but without the faintest vestige of evidence, and merely, it would appear, because the incidents described in it bear some resemblance to masquerading adventures of that gallant prince. The song simply describes the elopement of a cottage lass with a vagrant to whom her parents had given shelter. In the morning, the alarm of his unceremonious departure is given to the mother:—

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The straw was cauld—he was away;
She clapped her hands, cried waladay!
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers and some to kists;
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danced her lane, cried, "Praise be blest,
I've lodged a leal pair man!

Since nacthing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yirne,
Gae but the house, and waukon my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben."
The servant gaed whar the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld—she was away;
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say,
"She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man!"

"O fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again,
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie man!"
Some rode upon horse, some ran a-foot,
The wife was wud, and out of her wit;
She couldna gang, she couldna sit,
But aye she flate and she banned.

Ramsay printed this song in his collection with the letter J as a signature, implying, probably, the initial of the author. It certainly is a pity that no trace of him can be now obtained, for, in graphic humorous rustic painting, he is a perfect master. It appears to me that the resemblance in style to Muirland Willie is as great as what exists between Ye Mariners of England and the Battle of the Baltic, or between Marmion and the Lady of the Lake. But that style is as remote from that of the poetry of James V.'s time as Pope is from Spenser.

I feel some inclination to refer to the same lively wit, the songs *Willy was a Wanton Wag*, and *Hame came our Gudeman at Een*. They are all equally perfect as descriptions or narratives, equally replete with a roguish humour, and contain kindred allusions. It is particularly remarkable of them all, that personal habiliments are a good deal dwelt upon, and swords and pistols figure in almost every one. Willie is ascribed to Mr William Walkingshaw of Walkingshaw, a Renfrewshire gentleman, but without any evidence whatever not even that of a confident tradition.

Of other groups we can only find room here to notice one, in which the fundamental type, as it may be called, is presented in *Tak your Auld Cloak about ye*. This is a delightful song of simple domestic humour, representing a dialogue between an old man and his wife, respecting the propriety of his having a new cloak, the cause of the conversation being a request on her part that he would rise, take his old cloak about him, and go out to save the cow from the snow-drift. One stanza is nearly the same as that which Cassio sings in Othello—

In days when gude King Robert rang, &c.

And this might seem to prove that the song existed before Shakspeare's days; but of course, it is possible that the song may have been written since, and the stanza taken into it. It is found nowhere in print before it appears in Ramsay's collection. The versification of this song, however, speaks strongly of the latter part of the sixteenth century, as witness the verse in which the old woman makes her last decisive hit against her husband—

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had atween us twa,
O' bads and bonnie lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
If you would prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

By the same author must the song have been written which Ramsay printed as *The Auld Gudeman*:—

Late in an evening forth I went,
A little before the sun gaed down;
And there I chanced, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife were faun in strife;
I canna well tell how it began:
But aye she wailed her wretched life,
And cried, "Ever alake, my auld gudeman!"*

One verse of the husband's part of the dialogue may be added:—

"Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein;
For meal and maut thou doesna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
Of household stuff thou hast enough;
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;
See tell me nae mair o' thy auld gudeman!"

A well-known poem entitled *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, the humour of which turns on the mischances of a man who attempts to play housewife for one day, may be suggested as probably the composition of the same author, the language, form of versification, and style of drollery being all of similar character. If this could be established, the above two songs would be fixed as of a date anterior to 1568, for the Wife of Auchtermuchty appears in the Bannatyne Manuscript written in that year.

This inquiry might be prosecuted to still more curious results; but I am sensible that this is not the place in which to do it, and that even what I have written may appear to some readers of the Journal as hardly worthy of its space. Warned by this salutary dread, I take my leave for the present of the subject.

* An ox and horse are meant.

† This work, the preparations for which were commenced in 1792, was completed *last year* by the publication of a sixth volume, marked by the usual good taste of the editor. We would recommend all really musical people, who may wish to become acquainted with Scottish music, to possess themselves of this collection, enriched by the songs of Burns, and the symphonies and accompaniments of Haydn, Pleyell, and other great composers.

* Meaning her former husband.

## COST OF RAILWAYS.

In the *Athenæum* for April 8, there occur some useful observations on the monstrous cost of railway-making in England, in comparison with what it is in other countries. Forty millions of pounds, it is mentioned, have been expended on the 1550 miles of existing English railways, being at the rate of £26,000 per mile, while in Belgium the cost has been £14,000 per mile, and in the United States it has been no more than £4,500 per mile. The contrast is striking, but we do not see it mentioned that the Belgian lines are single, and run mostly over a very flat country; and that the American lines, besides being, we believe, mostly single, are very rudely constructed. At the same time, it is undeniable that the expense of railways in England, with all their perfections, is in general much beyond what it ought to be. No little of the expenditure, as is well-known, arises from the factious and frivolous opposition which is too often presented to railway undertakings, and also from heavy legal expenses in various ways incurred. The writer in the Athenæum does not touch on these points, but ascribes much of the over-expenditure to errors in engineering. A want of confidence in the powers of locomotives to overcome difficulties, is eloquently complained of:—

"The slowness to believe in the capabilities of the locomotive engine, exhibited by the engineers of Great Britain, is truly surprising. This is the more surprising, as means for making the experiment have never been wanting since the earliest coal railways, with the rudest locomotives, were at work at Newcastle, in Scotland, and in Wales. What is most remarkable in the locomotive engine, is its astonishing power of adapting itself to circumstances! of varying its exertions according to the work to be done! of straining every nerve (bolt?) to encounter and conquer a difficulty! of its power of extraordinary exertion in an emergency! It is difficult at first thought for any one to conceive this versatility of energy, especially one who has never handled the wonderful creature. It is well-known to the intelligent driver; and, indeed, much of the success of the engine in an effort and in general work depends on the handling and the management—the "feeding," the "watering"—now keeping her by the head, now letting her out, now spurring, and occasionally running to her utmost; taking care, above all, as with a good steed, never to run her out of breath, to keep her well in check at the starting, never to let her take too much water at a time, and a sufficient interval between her feeds, and especially never to over-feed before hard work. In short, the wagoner must thoroughly understand the character of his individual engine, and the nature of the line and the work, to do his engine any justice: and an unskilful driver will cost his employers more in one day than his wages will cover in a year; hence he should be well kept, well paid, and moderately worked. But with such a driver, it is wonderful what an engine will accomplish. First, as regards speed, the locomotive engine has a power of adaptation. Let us conceive an engine starting, with a train behind her, and going along steadily at fifteen miles an hour—a slow pace; it will require all the steam she then produces to maintain that pace, and she will manifest no capability of going faster; in short, she will consume all the steam she has the power of producing at that pace; and therefore, to all appearance and to all reason, she has attained her maximum speed, and can go no faster; nor would an ignorant engineer ever imagine it possible she could do more. But now comes the art, and its effect. The driver prepares his steed for the race; he gets the fire into a general glow, except just round the margin, where he lays the fresh coke; he regulates the water until just the proper quantity, but rather a full charge, is in the gauge, and waits till the steam is just strong enough to raise the valve. Now for the race: he slacks the rein (valve) a little, and off bounds the steed with increasing strength and speed, and, of course, with a much more rapid expenditure of steam, so that the supply of the boiler would manifestly be soon completely exhausted, and the store being expended, the speed would soon relax; but this does not happen; on the contrary, the steam increases in supply more rapidly, or at least as rapidly, as it is carried off, so that, instead of the boiler being emptied by the rapid process of exhaustion, it is just the reverse—that is, the more rapidly it is emptied, the fuller does it become; the more it has to do, the more it is able to do; the greater its speed, the greater its ability to sustain that speed. The paradox is explained thus: and this is one of the wonderful qualities and contrivances of the structure of the locomotive engine, from which it derives its great value as a worker of railway labour, that its powers of exertion and production are developed in precise proportion to the demand for exertion. The contrivance for this purpose is like most valuable inventions, simple in proportion to its value. There is a contrivance for blowing the fire. This contrivance is automatic, that is, the engine blows the fire of itself. Let us call this apparatus the blast. This blast operates by puffs; and these puffs are so regulated, that when the machine is in motion, the air shall be blown into the fire by one puff for every four feet of distance over which the engine travels. When the engine, therefore, travels over one mile, the fire receives 1,320 puffs. Now, each puff carries into the fire a certain quantity of oxygen, to sustain the combustion, and this supply of oxygen is a proximate cause of the production of heat by the fire, and, indeed, an approximate measure of the quantity of heat produced; double the quantity of air, therefore, properly applied, will give double the quantity of oxygen, and, of course, double the quantity of heat. Therefore, if each puff force into the fire a given quantity of air with its oxygen, a double number of puffs per minute will give a double supply of heat, and will generate double the quantity of steam, and give out in a minute double the quantity of work. Suppose, now, that an engine starts with a speed of one mile an hour, it will make only about one puff of air into the furnace in three seconds of time; at three miles an hour, it will make a puff every second of time, or rather 66 puffs per minute, and will advance about 4½ feet per second; at twelve miles an hour, it will advance eighteen feet per second, and make 264 puffs per minute; and at twenty-four miles an hour, it will make a bound forward of twelve yards in every second of time, but in each second of time it will also make nine puffs, or 528 puffs per minute. By this contrivance of making the puffs of the blast apparatus regulated not by an independent cause, but directly by the speed of the engine, or the quantity of steam it requires, which is as the speed, there is given to the locomotive that faculty by which its means of generating strength increases along with the demand for that strength. It was otherwise in the early locomotive engines they were, in this respect, like the common engines of a steam-boat, or like the common steam-engines fixed on land. These engines have a chimney, the height of which measures the draught, and it has no connexion whatever with the number of strokes of work that may be required of the engine. They will only burn a given amount of fuel, and raise a given quantity of steam, and do a given quantity of work per day, whatever be the accidental necessities of the case. But for this beautiful contrivance, the locomotive engine would have been an inert, plodding machine, like any commonplace engine. It is this wonderful ability to increase and multiply its powers of performance with the emergency that demands them, which has made the giant engine the noblest creation of human wit, the very lion among machines. With this wonderful capacity, it may be truly said, that danger and expense are the only known limits of railway speed."

Increased knowledge on this subject will lead to the construction of railways with inclines which, at one time, it was the great object to reduce to a dead level. On this the writer in question observes, "Examples are not wanting, in our own country, of the successful adoption of the economical principles of construction we have ventured to recommend and to advocate. The great line between Liverpool, Manchester, and London, illustrates our principle well: the northern half, below Birmingham, called the Grand Junction, cost L.23,000 per mile; the upper half, between Birmingham and London, cost L.50,000 per mile. Now, in this great disparity, one very important element is this, that the former adapts itself to the face of the country, rising and falling as much as twenty, thirty, and sixty feet per mile, while the latter rigidly limits itself to the theoretical gradient, excluding in every case a steeper inclination than sixteen feet per mile. Witness the result: the one of eighty-two miles' length is made under two millions of expense; the other, of one hundred and twelve miles, has cost more than five and a-half millions. But the most extraordinary line is the Birmingham and Gloucester, where we find two planes, rising fifty-two feet in a mile, one of sixty-five feet, and one which rises the unparalleled amount of nearly 140 feet per mile, or one foot high in every thirty-seven feet forward, being about the inclination of a slope in a good mail-coach road. We do not, however, quote this as a desirable rate of railway inclination; we merely adduce it as a practicable inclination, which it would be better to put up with than want a line, or want profit on the line when made."

These observations, with which we warmly agree, are exceedingly worthy the attention of railway projectors.

### ABOUT THE FISHERIES.

To-day there was a conversation about our fisheries, and Colonel Travers related two facts, which I am in hopes will be quite new to you.

You know that the great cod fishery, which supplies almost all Europe with salt-fish, is on the sand-bank that extends from the island of Newfoundland. The water is from twenty to sixty fathoms in depth; and when the colonel was returning from Canada with his regiment, he persuaded the captain of the ship to stop for some hours on this bank, in order to catch cod for the soldiers. He saw a great many hooked with long lines and pulled up; and he observed that when that was done very rapidly the air-bladder burst, and pushed part of the stomach out of the mouth. He explained to us that it is the air-bladder that enables fish to raise or lower themselves in the water, by taking in or letting out more or less air; but this they can only do gradually; and therefore when the air has been highly condensed at the bottom of the sea, by the pressure of fifty or sixty fathoms of water, it expands the bladder more quickly than the fish has the power of giving it vent. The air-bladder is *cured*, or salted, with the fish, and is then called the sound.

This led the conversation to the different depths which are inhabited by different classes of fish. My uncle told us that turbots, soles, and other flat fish, are not furnished with an air-bladder, because they never quit the bottom of the sea; and Colonel Travers, to prove that some fish are not intended to sink very far below the surface, mentioned the following curious circumstance. When a whale is attacked by the sword-fish, he immediately dives; and the sword-fish, not being calculated by nature to bear the enormous pressure of the sea at very great depth, is obliged to withdraw his weapon; if he cannot speedily extricate it, he dies. My uncle said that this fact helped to explain the facility with which those great monsters are killed by our Greenland fishermen: when a whale is struck by a harpoon, he imagines it to be a sword-fish, and, as usual, dives; this he does with such velocity, that the harpooner is obliged to throw water on the part of the boat over which the harpoon-line runs, to prevent its taking fire. But the power of diving is probably limited even in a whale, and the length of line, perhaps a mile or two, which he has taken out and is obliged to drag through the water, at last tires him; he stops, and the men, by slowly pulling in the line, in fact haul the boat towards him: again he sets off—he is again tired, and is ultimately exhausted and killed by fatigue. If he ran straight out, near the surface, no line could be long enough or strong enough to check him: whenever a whale does so, the line snaps, and he escapes.—*Bertha's Journal.*

### CURIOUS STATISTICS OF MORTALITY.

The progressive statistics of Glasgow are officially under the charge of Mr Watt, some of whose inquiries show very curious results. It appears that there are physical laws which regulate the proportion of deaths produced by the various diseases at different ages, whatever the total amount of deaths by these diseases may be. Many examples of these were given by Mr Watt; and the confirmation they have received by the results brought out for 1842 is very striking, and may be considered an important step to the advancement of our knowledge of the vital statistics of the country. The following examples may give our readers a general idea of these interesting deductions:—The average annual amount of deaths by fever for several past years in Glasgow is 578, and in Edinburgh the average number of deaths by fever amounts to 325; yet the proportion of children under five years of age who were cut off by fever in Glasgow is 12·0 per cent. of the whole deaths by fever; and in Edinburgh the deaths at the same age also amounts to 12·4 per cent of the whole deaths by fever. The average annual proportion of deaths of persons under twenty years of age, caused by fever in Glasgow, is 29·0 per cent. of the whole deaths by that disease, and in Edinburgh they amount to 27·7 per cent. of the whole deaths by fever. The proportion of deaths of persons above twenty years of age, caused by fever in Glasgow, is 70·9 per cent. of the whole deaths by fever, and in Edinburgh they amount to 70·2 per cent. of the whole deaths by that disease. Although the total amount of deaths by measles, scarlet fever, and small-pox is very different in these two towns, yet the proportions which the amount of deaths at the different ages bear to the whole amount of deaths by these respective diseases, are very nearly the same. For example, the average annual amount of deaths under five years of age by small-pox in Glasgow is 85 per cent. of the whole average annual amount of deaths by that disease, and in Edinburgh they amount to 82 per cent. Under twenty years of age, the proportion of the average annual deaths by small-pox in Glasgow amounts to 95·1 per cent. of the whole average annual deaths by that disease, and in Edinburgh they amount to 95·2 per cent. That the proportion of deaths by measles, scarlet fever, and small-pox, as well as by other diseases, should be so very nearly the same in 1842 as in former years, whatever variation there may be in the total amount of deaths by these diseases, is very singular; for example, the proportion of the average annual amount of deaths under five years of age, caused by measles (for five preceding years), is 88·0 per cent. of the whole average annual deaths by that disease; and in 1842 the deaths by measles under that age amount to 88·7 per cent. of the whole deaths by that disease. All the other proportions of the amount of deaths by these eruptive diseases, at the various ages, is very nearly the same.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"He's dead!" How frequently is that brief but admonitory sentence uttered without exciting any but the most transient emotion—without awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall casually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead!" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he also was one who entered largely into their speculations—all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes—all their wordly-minded schemes of aggrandisement—yet "he's dead!" The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard "as if an angel spoke;" and as time passes, they hurry off without further comment to their respective counting-houses, where the unexpected information of the rise in sugars—the depression of the money market—the failure of some great house in which they had placed implicit confidence, or some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention—totally absorbs their minds, and they entirely forget that they have just heard an echo of their own inevitable doom.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

### THE BUTCHER AND BARBER.

The *Literary Gazette* (No. 1368), in noticing the humane exertions of a Society for the Relief of Imprisoned Debtors, mentions the following barbarous case of legal oppression. "A journeyman butcher, in a small county not thirty miles from the metropolis, had an unseemly appearance on his head, which prevented him from getting employment. The poor fellow bought for himself a wig, for which he agreed to pay two shillings weekly; and, thus covered, obtained work. For several weeks he paid off his twenty-two shillings' debt in a regular manner; but, owing to some circumstance, failed in a payment when he had reduced it to fourteen or sixteen shillings. The barber was an intimate of a low attorney, who undertook to obtain his money for him—no success, no pay. No matter how the torturing proceedings were carried on. The final result was, that the hapless butcher's boy was thrown into the dungeons of the court jail for between L.5 and L.6 debt and costs—a ruined and helpless pauper." We beg leave to say that such a case would not have occurred in Scotland, where the cost of the suit in the first place would not have been more than half-a-crown (legal practitioners being expressly excluded from acting in small debt courts), and where, in the second place, imprisonment is not allowed by law for debts below L.8. 6s. 8d. (5 and 6 William IV. c. 70). Why do our English neighbours not bring about the same reasonable and humane regulations? Why do they cling to legal barbarisms long since given up by every civilised people?

### CREAM AND BUTTER.

The Viscount de Romanet, in treating on the phenomena presented in the transformation of cream into butter, states, from microscopic observation, that the cream consists of the globules of the milk, which rise to the surface from their lightness, and which contain the butter in the form of pulp, enveloped in a white, thin, and elastic pellicle. The action of the churn is, he says, nothing more than the rupture of the pellicle, and it is the fragments of this pellicle which whiten the liquid called butter-milk; the acidity which manifests itself in this liquid, at the instant when the butter is formed, is due to the immediate contact of the butter with the acid principles of the milk.—*Medical Times.*

### A CONSCIENCE-STRUCK SHOEMAKER.

When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there I suppose I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics; but, after getting a little a-head in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon, I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I lost. One night, some little urchin, who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and with a shrill pipe, called out, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about by day!" "And did you," inquired the friend, "pursue the boy with your strap, to chastise him for his insolence?" "No, no," replied Mr Drew; "had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall."—*Autobiography of Samuel Drew.*

[Samuel Drew was not altogether right in his conclusions. From one excess he ran into another, perhaps equally pernicious. A reasonable attention to public affairs is in some measure a public duty of every intelligent individual; and it is only when this is carried to the absurd length of absorbing the larger proportion of one's time, that it becomes objectionable.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

### THE CARDINAL SPIDER.

A large breed of spiders abound in the palace of Hampton-Court. They are called there "cardinals," in honour, I suppose, of Cardinal Wolsey. They are full an inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, when the light of a lamp or candle has cast a shade from their large bodies, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient belief that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. At all events, the spider is considered as a curiosity, and Hampton-Court is the only place in which I have met with it.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

### WIVES.

Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### THE STOMACH.

"I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by highways or by-ways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly timber; and I must own, I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir, you have eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you have not taken exercise enough!' The human frame was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs."—*Bubbles from Nassau.*

### IMPERFECTNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger, or feed with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little, but in my opinion we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

### GRIEF.

Grief at the loss of friends is natural. To say, therefore, that tears for the deceased are unreasonable, because they are unprofitable, is to speak without regard to the state and condition of human nature. A pious tear is a sign of humanity and generosity; but still, exceeding care must be taken that men do not run into excesses in this kind. To *grieve* may be laudable; to be loud and querulous is childish; and to carry matters so far as to refuse comfort is inexcusable. It is impious towards God, without whose permission nothing happens in the world; it expresses too great a disregard to other men, as though no one remained worthy of esteem or love; and is highly prejudicial to ourselves, as it impairs our health, weakens our minds, unfits us for several offices, and sometimes ends in death itself.—*Bishop Compeare.*

### SPECIMENS OF FRENCH ADVERTISING.

A dealer in hams advertises that his hams are so well cured, that the longer they are kept the better they are; and of such an excellent quality, that, if eaten constantly by women of the worst temper imaginable, they will render them gentle and tractable as lambs: they are particularly recommended as diet for children, to give them a quiet disposition. Another person advertises *pommade* for promoting the growth of hair, and states that he is so certain of its efficacy, that he makes a rule of never accepting any payment of a purchaser, however bald, until he has his head covered with hair.—*Literary Gazette.*

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